

Omega: Third Temple

Eidola

Dreamer, are you listening?
All of your children sit and wonder
"Where have you been?"

We came here for the sound
To overcome the shaking ground beneath my feet
Buried under the soil to expand
Rebuild the monument lost in sand
Restore the balance to the land

To those of you desperately searching for the end
You'll search forever in the dark
To those of you eager to begin again
Your eager eyes won't tell life and death apart

It's time to wake up

Dreamer, you're not listening
All of your children wane and wander
Where have you been?

We came here for the sound
To overcome the shaking ground beneath my feet
Buried under the soil to expand
Rebuild the monument lost in sand
Restore the balance to the land

(We want the cure to everything we can't afford) (x2)
We want the cure to everything we can't afford
This life is not enough for us
We want the cure to everything that we can't afford
This life is not enough for us
We want eternity and more
To play God in a metaphor

Oh, you restless ungrateful
When will you learn?
You manifest the construct
You only borrow what you earn

The temple that you seek, it isn't mine
(Then let it burn, we'll cast our stones aside)
I've given you the tools of grand design
(Overgrown thoughts of our demise)
The nature of the gift is astringent
(Trading faiths, empire's remorse)
The complex of ascent is contingent
(Ends of time, redesign recourse)

"But this world that you've created deals in murder and deceit
Where profit margins far outweigh the death toll of defeat
And your leaders have abandoned every shred of moral code
The reflexatory impulse of a planet growing cold
So if life is an illusion
And death is just a door
Then we must come to the conclusion
That we don't know what's in store

And that answer begs the question

"Well, what is it you believe?"

But existence is subjective, you only know what you receive
I will write this down on paper so that I can sound it out
Document a conscious function we can't afford to go without
If feeling is believing you cannot hold it with your fists
But if you need to know the answers, then let me ask you this"

When you pass away

Will you leave behind your mistakes?

Will you move onto unconscious bliss

Or dissipate in the abyss

Based on decisions that you made?"

Well, I know you won't find me there

We've shaped the earth., our brothers come to call

Trace your roots, strengthen your resolve

Where is our resolve?